THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY IN DEMOSTHENES.

[Continued.]

"Be assured of this in the first place, (and for this I pledge my head), that all your commanders of vessels, of whatever kind they may be, do not otherwise than Diopithes, and draw money from our allies, the inhabitants of Chios, of Erythrea, in fine of all the Greeks of Ionia and the islands, some more, others less, according to the number of vessels they command. And why do the people furnish those contributions? Do you believe it is gratuitously? No, they are not so unwise. It is that your admirals may protect their commerce, and their possessions: they purchase, at this price, the safety of their ships and their territory; they place themselves under protection from maritime piracies, and the violence of soldiers, although they assure you, with very good reason, that all which they do is only from zeal and attachment for you: could they decently give any other reason for these interested largesses? And do you doubt whether Diopithes conducts like the others? Yes, the people will give him money; for if he has none, and you will not send him any, where would you have him take it to pay his soldiers? From whence should money come to him? From the skies? He lives, and he will live, upon what he can seize, and upon what he can procure, by any means, whether gift or loans. But what is the conduct of those, who, at this day, accuse him before you? They warn all the world to give nothing to a general, whom you are about to prosecute as a criminal both for what is past and what is to come? This is the tendency of all the discourses I hear. *He will take cities: he exposes and betrays the Greeks.* For you see that these talkers take a great interest in the Greeks of Asia, and are very zealous to defend others, although they think not at all of saving their own country. They talk of sending another general, and against Diopithes! Great Gods, where are we? If he has committed crimes which the laws punish, if he is guilty, let the laws punish him: nothing is wanting for this but your decree, not an army. This would be the height of folly. It is against our enemies, upon whom our laws can have no effect, that we ought to send fleets, armies and money; it is against them that these preparations are necessary. But against one of our citizens an accusation is a judgment. This is enough. This is the part of a wise people, and who speak to you otherwise, would destroy you.

"It is melancholy, I confess, that there are such counsellors among you; but it is more melancholy still, that one of them has only to present himself at this tribunal to denounce to you a Diopithes, a Chares, or an Aristophon, as the author of our calamities, and you receive him, you applaud him, as if he had said marvellous things. But if a faithful citizen comes and says to you, don't believe it, Athenians, it is neither Diopithes, nor Chares, nor Aristophon, who do you this evil, it is Philip! Do you hear him? Without his ambition, Athens would be at peace. You do not, you cannot contradict him: but nevertheless you hear him with pain, and it would seem as if you considered him as acting the part of your enemy. I know very well the cause of this; but, by the immortal gods, do not take it ill if we speak to you boldly, when the question concerns your safety.

"Many of your orators and of your ministers have, for a long time, accustomed you not to dread but in your deliberations, and not at all in your measures of execution; hard hearted and passionate in your assemblies, feeble and soft when it is necessary to act. If they represent to you, as culpable of our misfortunes, one of your fellow citizens, who, you know, is in your power to seize at your pleasure, you desire nothing better: you are quite ready. But when we denounce to you the only enemy over whom you have no power, but by arms, then you hesitate, you know not what part to take, and you suffer yourselves, with great impatience, to be convinced of the truth, which displeases you. It ought to be quite otherwise, Athenians: your magistrates ought to have taught you to be soft and moderate towards your fellow citizens, and terrible against your enemies. But such is the fatal ascendant which your artful flatterers have assumed over you, that you can no longer hear any thing but what flatters your ears, and this has brought you to that extremity, that you have nothing now to deliberate upon but your proper safety.

"In the name of the gods, Athenians, I adjure you all—if the Greeks, at this day, should demand of you a reason for all the opportunities you have lost by your indolence, if they should say to you 'people of Athens, you send us deputies after deputies to convince us that Philip strikes at the liberty of all the Greeks; that he is the common enemy, over whom it is necessary to watch continually, and a hundred other similar discourses. We know all this as well as you; but oh! the most slothful of all men! (it is the Greeks who thus speak to you) when Philip, far absent from his country for ten months, interrupted by the war, by the winter, by sickness, had no means left him of returning to his own country, have you laid hold of this opportunity to deliver the Eubeans? You have not even thought of recovering that which was your own. He, on the contrary, while you were in your own houses, very peaceable and very sound, (if at least we may call sound, those who show so much weakness) he has established, in the island of Eubea, two tyrants under his orders, one at Sciathos, the other at Orea, in the face of Attica, and in such a manner, so to speak, as to have one foot upon your own city. And, to say nothing of other affairs, have you taken any one step to obstruct them? No, as if you had been in concert with him, you have abandoned to him your rights. It is clear then, that if Philip had died ten times for once, you would not have exerted yourselves any more than you have done. Let alone, then, your embassies and your accusations; leave us in peace, since you yourselves love so well to remain so.' Very well! Athenians, do you know of any answer to give to these reproaches? For my own part, I know of none."

You may well imagine, that, after this open reprimand, the orator is too able not to pour some balm into the wounds, he has made, upon their self-love. After having overborne them with reproaches, he presently raises them up again; not by gross flatteries, but by honest praises for all that was noble and generous in the national character, when the Athenians supported it; for all that had been glorious in their political existence, among the Greeks, who had been in the habit of regarding Athens as the rampart of their liberty; finally, for that hatred which Philip bore for the Athenians, and which was for them a title of honour. This second morsel of his discourse is yet superior to the first.

"I know that you have among you men, who imagine they have answered your orator, when they have said to him, *what shall we do?* I might answer with a single word, and with equal truth and justice: we ought to do every thing which we do not. But I fear not to enter into all the details; I will explain myself fully, and I wish that these men, who are so prompt to ask me questions, would be as ready to execute, when I shall have answered them.

"Begin by establishing this as an acknowledged principle, as an incontestible fact, that Philip has violated his treaties, that he has declared war, and cease to quarrel with one another upon this so vainly and perniciously. Believe that he is the mortal enemy of Athens and of its inhabitants, even of those, who flatter themselves that they are in favour with him. If they doubt of what I say, let them attend to the fate of the two Olynthians, who passed for his best friends, Eutycrates and Leosthenes, who, after having sold him their country, came to so deplorable an end. But that which Philip hates the most is the liberty of Athens; it is our democracy. He has nothing so much at heart as to dissolve it. And he is in the right. He knows, that, even after he shall have enslaved all other people, he can never enjoy his usurpations in peace, as long as you are free; that if any of those accidents, to which humanity is subject, should happen to him, into your arms would all these people throw themselves, who are now attached to him only by constraint; and it is true, Athenians, and it is a justice which ought to be done you, to say, that you do not strive to raise yourselves upon the ruins of the unfortunate; but that you make your power and grandeur consist in preventing any one from becoming the tyrant of Greece, or in overthrowing any one who might become such. You are always ready to combat those, who would reign, and to support all who will not be slaves. Philip, therefore, fears that the liberty

of Athens will obstruct his enterprises; it seems to him that she constantly threatens him; and he is too active and too enlightened to bear it with patience. He is, therefore, our irreconcileable adversary; and it is of this, above all things, that you ought to be well convinced, in order to determine you what part to act.

"In the next place it is necessary that you know, with the same certainty, that in all which he does, at this day, his principal design is to attack this city, and consequently that all those who are able to annoy Philip, labour in effect to serve you. Who, among you, can be simple enough to imagine that this prince, capable of grasping at such paltry villages of Thrace, as Mastyra, Drongilia, and Cabyra; capable, for the sake of seizing them, of braving the winter, the fatigues and dangers he undergoes; that this man will not cast an envious eye upon our ports, our magazines, our vessels, our mines of silver, our treasures of every kind, that he will leave us the peaceable possession of these things, while he is combating the rigours of winter, to dig up the rye and millet buried in the mountains of Thrace? No, Athenians, no! You cannot believe it.

"Now, then, what does wisdom prescribe in such circumstances, and what is your duty? To shake off, at last, that fatal lethargy, which has destroyed every thing; to ordain public contributions, and demand them of our allies. To take, finally, all the measures necessary to preserve the army we have, since Philip has always one on foot to attack and subdue the Greeks, it is necessary also for us to have one always ready to defend and protect them. So long as you do nothing more than to send, upon an occasion, a few troops, raised in a hurry, I repeat to you, you will advance nothing. You must have troops regularly maintained, intendants of your army, funds appropriated to the pay of the soldiers, a plan of military administration, concerted with all possible care. It is thus that you will be in a condition to demand of your generals an account of their conduct, and of your ministers an account of their administration. If you lay to heart this system of conduct, you will be able to confine Philip within just bounds, and to enjoy a real peace; in this case, peace will be a real blessing; and I acknowledge, that, in itself, peace is a real good; or if Philip remains obstinate in pushing the war, you will be, at least, a match for him.

"It will be said that these resolutions require great expense and great efforts. Yes, I acknowledge it. But consider what dangers await you, if you take not this course, and you will perceive that it is better for you to take these precautions in season, than to wait until you shall be forced into them. Indeed, if a divine oracle had assured you, which no mortal assuredly is able to do, that even in remaining in your inaction, you would not be attacked by Philip; what a disgrace would it be for you, (I call all the gods to witness!) how would you tarnish the glory of your ancestors, and the splendor of this state, if, for the sake of your own repose, you should abandon the Greeks to servitude! Let some other man give you these unworthy councils; let him appear, if there is any one capable of it. Listen to him, if you can bear to hear him. For myself, I had rather die, a thousand times, than that such advice should proceed from my mouth."

This kind of provocation, this imposing defiance, is one of those movements whose effect is certain, when an orator has established his irrefragable proofs, his object is to hinder all from attempting to interrupt him, and make him lose the precious and decisive moment, by one of those oblique and disguised resistances, the last resource of those, who no longer dare to contend in front. They have then recourse to partial restrictions, to incidental motions, pretexts for attempting to speak, but which tend only to bring again into discussion, that which they no longer dare to combat, and which seemed to be agreed. It is thus that they sometimes cool the ardour of the general impression, prolong a deliberation which seemed to be terminated, until the minds of men recover from that commotion, produced by the power of truth, and until all the little passions, silenced and disconcerted for a moment, have time to revive. This is what has been so often done among us by motions of order and for amendment, and what an able orator ought to prevent, either by reserving his greatest forces for a reply, or, (which is better, and more certain), by founding the refutation in the proofs like Demosthenes, in such a manner as to overturn, beforehand, all possible objections, to render all contrary advice, ridiculous or odious, to make all men blush either to propose them or to hear them. See here how Demosthenes, in two periods, knew how to shut at once the mouths of the orators, and the ears of the Athenians. He proceeds to multiply his movements in proportion as he perceives the effect of them: he aggrandises and elevates himself in the view of his antagonist, to such a degree as to be able to demand against them capital punishments, and to mark them out as enemies to the state. Accordingly he remained master of the field of battle, like that wrestler, painted by Virgil, who, throwing an enormous girdle into the middle of the arena, and exposing naked his broad shoulders, and his muscular limbs, inspired terror into the boldest wrestlers, and took away all ambition to contend with him.

"But if my sentiments are yours; if you see, as I do, that the longer you connive at the progress of Philip, the more you fortify an enemy, with whom, sooner or later, you must fight; what can induce you to hesitate? What do you expect? Why these delays? these procrastinations? When will you begin to act? When necessity shall compel you? And what will you call necessity? Is there any greater, good gods! for freemen, than the fear of dishonour? Is it this that you wait for? It already besieges you, it presses upon you, and has done so a long time. There is one other necessity, it is true, for slaves.....Protecting gods, ward it off from Athenians....Constraint, violence, the view of chastisement. Athenians, I should blush to enlarge on this subject before you.

"It would be too tedious to develope all the artifices which are employed before you and among you. But there is one which deserves to be exposed. Whenever there is any question concerning Philip in this tribunal, there never fail to appear persons who rise up, and cry out 'what a treasure is peace! what a scourge is war! What is the tendency of all these alarms but to ruin our finances!' It is by such discourses that they lull you in your security, and insure to Philip the means of accomplishing his project. It is thus that each one has what he wishes. You remain in your delightful indolence; (and heaven grant that one day it does not cost you dear!) your enemy aggrandises himself, and your flatterers acquire your good will and his money. For myself, it is not you whom I wish to persuade to peace. This care may be safely reposed upon yourselves. It is Philip whom I would gladly persuade to it, because it is he alone who breathes nothing but war. With regard to our finances, have a care of that which will be most ruinous. It is not that which you shall have expended for your safety, but that which you will have lost and suffered, if you will expend nothing. It becomes you, no doubt, to prevent the dissipation of your treasures, but it should be by good order and vigilance, and not by savings wrung from the public safety. That which afflicts me most of all is to see that those same people, who clamour incessantly about the pillage of our finances, which is always in your power to restrain and to punish, are very well contented that Philip should pillage, at his pleasure, you and all Greece. How is it that while the Macedonian renews continually his invasions, while on all sides he takes cities, we never hear these persons condemn his injustice, nor remonstrate against his aggressions; and, on the contrary, as soon as we advise you to oppose his progress, and watch over your liberty, that immediately all of them at once cry out *it is a provocation to war*. It is not difficult to unriddle all this: they mean if the war we propose should bring inconveniences (and what war does not?) to turn your resentment, not against Philip, but against those who have given you good councils; they mean, at the sametime, to be able to accuse innocence, and secure impunity to their own crimes. Behold the true motive of these eternal protestations against war. For, again, who can doubt that, before any one had thought of proposing it to you, Philip had actually made it. He who had invaded your territories, and furnished against you his succours to the rebels of Cardia! But, after all, if we assume a countenance as if we did not perceive his manœuvres, he will not come to advertise us of them, and give us proofs of them. This would be folly on his part....What do I say? If he should come even upon your territory, he would still maintain that he did not make war. Is not this what he said to the inhabitants of Orea, even when he was upon their lands? to those of Pheres, at the moment when he laid siege to them? to those of Olynthus, at the time when he was on his march against them? He will do the same with us; and if we should wish to repel him, his honest friends will repeat to you, that we are the aggressors. Very well, then, let us bow our necks to the yoke: it is the fate of all who will not defend themselves.

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[In Holcroft's new and interesting 'Travels from Hamburg through Westphalia, Holland and the Netherlands to Paris,' a very magnificent work, just received from London, we find an entire chapter dedicated to a generous memorial of the talents and hospitality of the late WILLIAM VANS MURRAY, Esq. ambassador at the Hague.]

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Murray, the American minister, at the Hague; and he, in consequence of what he had heard and read of me, invited me to dinner. His manner was open and well bred; and I willingly accepted the proposal. In a foreign country to meet with a well informed man, who speaks your language, and has been bred under laws and customs that have a great affinity with your own, is a peculiar enjoyment. It is the green mould of Cheshire cheese, which is always poignant to the taste, when at home; but abroad it is a luxury which money can seldom procure.

Mr. Murray, with amiable frankness, told me he knew some of our opinions differed; but that liberal men, acquainted with the world, never made difference of opinion a cause of quarrel. Let them but think and discuss with good humour, and it is the cause of mutual benefit.

All his remarks were of a public nature, and many of them were founded in truth. The American character, he said, was formed on the English; and the Americans, consequently, had in them a mixture of democracy. This mixture perhaps was greater from the daring spirit of

many of its original colonists: men who had offended the laws of England, and had been sent into the woods and wilds of America to effect their reform. Here necessity rendered them industrious and orderly; and their audacious habits fitted them to repel the assaults of the native Indians. The progress of the American revolution might be traced: it was prepared, gradual, and for that reason, took a permanent form. In France, the revolution was *sudden*, the shock *violent* and the change *extreme*. The French character, he added, was criminal; but denied that it was vicious. I did not understand the distinction; and he explained it to consist in their impetuosity, and their sudden impulse to act without due reflection. If I rightly recollect, Locke tells us there is no other vice. I perfectly agreed with him that the French had great qualities: that one moment they were magnanimous, at another cruel, and that both were in the extreme.

I know not where he had read it, but speaking of the abolishment of feudal rights, he mentioned one, which finely characterises their capricious tyranny. During the lying in of the lady of the manor, the vassals were obliged to silence all the frogs: if the latter croaked the former were fined or punished.

He maintained it would require a century and a half to render the French as free as the Americans are at present. I hope the calculation was false; but I have fears of which I shall speak in their place, We enjoyed our social hour unclouded by pride, mistrust, or affectation. I know not what we ate, but I know the dinner was excellent: for, exclusive of the meats, which hospitality takes a pleasure to provide, there was "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul." Mrs. Murray honoured us with her company; and the sweetnes of her manners gave charms to her understanding. Of this, judging from so short a visit, I can give no decided opinion; but it appeared to be well and perhaps highly cultivated. They have now left the busy world: the forms and seemings and smiles which diplomacy imposes. May they enjoy not only the peace of retirement, but that variety which gives a charm to life: of which tumultuous cities are scarcely more prolific, than the country retreat if well studied and well understood.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

With the most cheerful alacrity, we resume the life of Mr. JENYNS, an author who will always be perused by every polite scholar with the same pleasure and profit, which are experienced in studying the pages of ADDISON and GOLDSMITH. It should be remembered that in the opinion of the most judicious of the biographers, Mr. Jenyns is entitled to a place among the purest and correctest writers of the English language. He always puts proper words in proper places, and exhibits a most harmonious variety of modulation. He is never muddy in recital, nor impertinent in remark. His logic is strict and his wit is sparkling. But, in the editor's judgment, the chief glory of this dignified author is his political sagacity. His perfect knowledge of that *many-headed beast*, the people, has enabled him most successfully to deride all the varieties of republican imposture. With the spirit of a BURKE and WINDHAM, he disdained to court the populace with whig grimace, cant and hypocrisy, but powerfully supports a coercive government with his pen from the same generous and just motives, which urged a viscount FALKLAND and a marquis of Montrose to defend it by the sword.

At the close of his work, he makes the following explicit declaration of his belief in the doctrine of the christian religion. 'Should it ever have the honour to be admitted into such good company, they will, immediately, I know, determine that it must be the work of some enthusiast, or methodist, some beggar, or some madman. I shall, therefore, beg leave to assure them, that the author is very far removed from all these characters: that he once, perhaps, believed as little as themselves; but having some leisure, and more curiosity, he employed them both in resolving a question, which seemed to him of some importance—Whether Christianity was really an imposture founded on an absurd, incredible, and obsolete fable, as many suppose it? or whether it is what it pretends to be, a revelation communicated to mankind by the interposition of some supernatural power? On a candid inquiry, he found that the first was an absolute impossibility, and that its pretensions to the latter were founded on the most solid grounds. In the further pursuits of his examination, he perceived at every step new lights arising, and some of the brightest, from parts of it the most obscure, but productive of the clearest proofs, because equally beyond the power of human artifice to invent, and human reason to discover. These arguments which have convinced him of the divine origin of this religion he has put together in as clear and concise a manner as he was able, thinking they might have the same effect upon others, and being of opinion that if there were a few more true christians in the world, it would be beneficial to themselves, and by no means detrimental to the public."

Many answers to this work appeared, but only two of them merit notice: "A Series of Letters addressed to Soame Jenyns, &c." by Dr. Maclaine, the learned translator of Mosheim's "Church History;" and "A Full Answer to a Late View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, &c." by the Rev. Henry Taylor, the editor of Ben. Mordecai's Letters to Elisha Levi. "I have the interest of Christianity," says Dr. Maclain, "too much at heart, not to protest solemnly against your method of defending it. Your View of its internal evidence is certainly exceptionable in many respects. In general your reasoning is neither close nor accurate; your illustrations run wide of the principles they are designed to explain and enforce. One would be tempted sometimes to think that you yourself lost sight of those principles in the midst of the desultory detail of arguments and observations which you bring to support them; and while we admire several fine touches of genius, wit and eloquence, that strike us in the midst of this splendid confusion, we lament the want of that luminous order, and philosophical precision, that are indispensably required in a work of this kind. You look like a man who has been suddenly transported into a new scene of things, where a multitude of objects strike him at once, and who begins to describe them before he had time to consider their arrangement and their connections. Or, to use another figure that comes nearer to your particular case, you look like a zealous and spirited volunteer, who has embarked in a vessel surrounded with enemies, and assailed by tempestuous weather, and begins to defend and work the ship, without that experience in the art of navigation, or the science of defence, that is necessary to ensure success and victory."

In 1782, he published eight Disquisitions on several Subjects, 8vo. In this work, among other ingenious fancies, he communicates his ideas of the pre-existent state of man as a state of punishment, which he attempts to confirm, by a fanciful construction of those passages of scripture, which are commonly adduced in support of the doctrine of original sin. But if the condition of man be indeed so forlorn and wretched, as he represents, it must be likewise entirely hopeless; for if all be wrong at present, it is impossible we should have any proof that things ever have been, or ever will be right. The doctrines which he inculcates in his disquisition on Government, in opposition to the established principles of civil liberty, are in the opinion of Doctor Anderson, inconsistent with the great rights and interests of mankind. In his disquisition on Rational Christianity, he dogmatically condemns the doctrines and spirit of those friends to Christianity, who believe it on rational grounds, and explain it in a manner consistent with common sense; and paradoxically asserts that the doctrines of Christianity are "so adverse to all the principles of human reason, that if brought before her tribunal, it must be inevitably condemned." It will generally, however, be thought by those who are sincere believers in Christianity, that that explanation of the Scriptures which makes them agree with our natural ideas of religion and morals, is as likely to be the true one, as that which ascribes to them doctrines contrary to the principles of reason. His opposition to all the established principles of civil liberty, in his seventh disquisition, was combated in a very sensible and spirited pamphlet, intituled "An Answer to the Disquisition on Government and Civil Liberty, &c. It was likewise ridiculed, with great humour, in the Dean and the 'Squire," a political eclogue, humbly dedicated to Soame Jenyns, Esq. by the "Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers."

This was the last performance which he gave to the world; but he continued from time to time to write verses. Among the last of his occasional compositions, were the burlesque Ode to Lord Carlisle, the Epitaph on Dr. Johnson, the short poem on his Majesty's escape from the attack of a lunatic, and the compliment to Lady Salisbury, 1787.

He died at his house in Tilney-Street, of a fever, after a few days illness, December 18, 1787, in the 83d year of his age, leaving no issue. He was buried in the church of Bottisham. In the registry of burials in the parish of Bottisham for 1787, the following entry was made by the Rev. William Lort Mansell, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was then sequestrator of that vicarage.

SOAME JENYNS, in the 83d year of his age.
What his literary character was,
The world hath already judged for itself;
But it remains for his parish Minister
to do his duty,
By declaring,
That while he registers the burial of
SOAME JENYNS,
He regrets the loss of one of the most amiable of men,
And one of the truest Christians.
To the parish of Bottisham he is an irreparable loss.
He was buried in this church, December 27, near midnight,
By William Lort Mansell, sequestrator;
Who thus trangresses the common forms of a Register,
Merely because he thinks it to be
The most solemn and lasting method of recording to posterity,
That the finest understanding
Has been united
To the best heart.

He was twice married, first to Mary, the only daughter of Colonel Soame, of Dereham, in Norfolk, a lady of great fortune, to whom his father was guardian. In this union, as is too frequently the case, his inclinations were less consulted than the advantages that were supposed to be the certain appendages to an alliance

with great wealth. The consequence may be imagined. A separation ensued, which his lady did not long survive. He afterwards married Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry Grey, Esq. of Hackney in the county of Middlesex, who survived him.

Three editions of his works were printed during his life. The first was printed in a small 8vo, 1752, the second in two small volumes 8vo. 1761, and the last was printed in one large volume 8vo, 1770. His name was not put to either of these editions; but the title pages of the first and last contain an urn filled with flowers round which a wreath is entwined, charged with the motto to his arms, *Ignavis nunquam*. In 1790, his works were collected in 4 vols. 8vo, including several pieces never before published, by Charles Nalson Cole, Esq. with "Short Sketches of his Life," which have been chiefly followed in the present account. The first volume contains his Miscellaneous Poems. The second, the translation of Browne, De Animi Immortalitate; five numbers of the "World;" Short but Serious Reasons for a National Militia; Thoughts on the Causes and Consequences of the present high price of provisions; The objections to the taxation of our American colonies by the Legislature; Reflections on several subjects; Thoughts on a Parliamentary Reform; A scheme for the Coalition of Parties; Thoughts on the National Debt, never before published. The third, A Free Inquiry into the nature and origin of evil, in six letters; On Evil in general, On Evils of imperfection, On Natural Evils, On Moral Evils, On Political Evils; and seven disquisitions, On the chain of Universal Being, On cruelty to inferior animals, On the Pre-existent Sate, On the nature of Time, On the analogy between things Material and Intellectual, On Rational Christianity, On Government and Civil Liberty, The fourth, View of the Internal evidence of the Christian Religion, and short and cursory observations on several passages in the New Testament, never before published.

His poems were inserted in the edition of "The English Poets," 1790, and have been reprinted with the following additional pieces from Mr. Cole's edition, 1790, written in the Earl of Oxford's Library at Wimple; to a Nosegay in Pancharilla's breast, from Bonfarius, given to a lady with a watch; Belphegor, a Fable from Machiavel; a dialogue between the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, and Madam Popularity; a Simile; a passage in Ossian versified; on seeing the Earl of Chesterfield at a ball; the American Coachman; Burlesque Ode, written at the Countess of Salisbury's assembly; Epitaph on Dr. Johnson; on a late execrable attempt on his Majesty's life.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard! When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?"

Not until you have had another nap, you reply. Not until there has been *a little more folding of the hands*.

Various philosophers and naturalists, have attempted to define man. I never was satisfied with their labours. It is absurd to pronounce him a two legged unfeathered animal, when it is obvious, he is a sleepy one. In this world, there is business enough for every individual. A sparkling sky over his head, to admire, a fertile soil under his feet, to till, and innumerable objects useful or pleasant to pursue. But, such, in general, is the provoking indolence of our species, that the lives of many, if impartially journalized, might be truly said to have consisted of a series of slumbers. Some men are infested by *day dreams*, as well as by visions of the night. They travel a certain insipid round, like the blind horse of the mill, and, as my Lord Bolingbroke observes, perhaps beget others to do the like after them. They may, sometimes, open their eyes a little, but they are soon dimmed, by some lazy fog. They may sometimes stretch a limb, but its effort is soon palsied by procrastination. Yawning, amid tobacco fumes, they seem to have no hopes except that their bed will soon be made, and no fears, except that their slumbers shall be broken, by business clamouring at the door.

How affectionate is the reproachful question of Solomon, in the text? The Jewish prince, whom we know to be an active one, from the temple which he erected, and from the books which he composed, saw, when he cast his eyes around his city, half his subjects asleep. Though in many a wise proverb, he had warned them against the baneful effects of indolence, they were deaf to his charming voice, and blind to his noble example. The men servants and the maid servants, whom he hired, nodded over their domestic duties, in the royal kitchen, and when in the vineyards he had planted, he looked for grapes, lo! they brought forth *wild* grapes, for the vintager was drowsy.

At the present time, few Solomons exist, to preach against pillows, and never was there more occasion for a sermon. Our country being at peace, not a drum is heard, to rouse the slothful. But though we are exempted from the tumult and vicissitudes of war, we should remember there are many posts of duty, if not of danger, and at these we should vigilantly stand. If we will stretch the hand of exertion, means abound to acquire competent wealth and honest fame, and when such ends are in view, how shameful to wilfully close our eyes. He, who surveys the paths of active life, will find them so numerous and lengthened, that he will feel the necessity of early rising, and late taking rest, to accomplish so much travel. He who pants for the shade of speculation, will find that literature cannot flourish in the bowers of indolence, and amid monkish gloom. Much midnight oil must be consumed, and innumerable pages examined, by him, whose object is to be really wise. Few hours has that man to sleep, and not one to loiter, who has many coffers of wealth to fill, or many cells in his memory, to store.

Among the various men, whom I see in the course of my pilgrimage through this world, I cannot frequently find those who are broad awake. Sloth, a powerful magician, mutters a witching spell, and deluded mortals tamely suffer this drowsy being to bind a fillet over their eyes. All their activity is employed, in turning themselves, like the door on its rusty hinge, and all the noise they make in this world, is a snore. When I see one, designed by nature, for noble purposes, indolently declining the privilege, and heedless, like Esau, bartering the birthright, for what is of less worth than his red pottage of lentiles, for liberty to sit still, and lie quietly, I think I see not a man, but an oyster. The drone in society, like that fish, on our shores, might as well be sunken in the mud, and inclosed in a shell, as stretched on a couch, or seated in the chimney corner.

The season is now approaching fast, when some of the most plausible excuses, for a *little more sleep*, must fail. Enervated by indulgence, the slothful are remarkably impatient of *cold*, and they deem it never more intense, than in the morning. But all the austerer months have now rolled away, and the sluggard, if he will abandon his couch, at the dawn, may now expatiate, in the open fields, without being benumbed. He may be assured, that sleep is a very stupid employment, and differs very little from death, except in duration. He may receive it implicitly, upon the faith both of the physician and the preacher, that morning is friendly to health and the heart; and if the idler, manacled by the chains of habit, *at first*, can do no more, he will do wisely, and well, to inhale pure air, to watch the rising sun, and mark the magnificence of nature. Let him, at *day spring*, wander over the *range of the mountains*, and *search for every green thing*. Let him cheer his senses, and excite his imagination, with *the rose of Sharon* and the *lilly of the valleys*. Let him open his eyes, and survey *the clear firmament*, and *beauty of Heaven*. He will soon rejoice to escape from the thraldom of Sluggishness, and discover the intimate connexion between active Employment and true Felicity.

The morning is given to man, not for dronish repose, but for energetic exertion, and laborious research. We are exhorted to be *up and doing*. Innumerable are the subjects, which claim our early care. To know how the world was made, and the operation of the elements; the beginning, ending and *midst* of *the times*; *the alterations* of *the turning* of *the sun*, and the *change of seasons*; the *circuits* of *years*, and the *positions* of *stars*; the *diversities* of *plants*, and the *virtues* of *roots*; the *violence of winds*, and *reasonings of men*. Above all, let it be remembered, that "Whoso seeketh Wisdom *early*, shall have no great travail, for he shall find her sitting at his doors."

Dr. Johnson, with all that strength of style, and liveliness of illustration, for which he was so eminently distinguished, has described an idler, as one who professes idleness in its full dignity; who calls himself an idler, as Busiris in the play, calls himself the proud; who boasts that he does nothing, and thanks his stars, that he has nothing to do; who sleeps every night, till he can sleep no longer; and rises, only that Exercise may enable him to sleep again.

To avoid meriting a character so disgraceful; to be happy at home, useful abroad, and to acquire all the glories of honest fame, we cannot too often meditate on the omnipotence of Industry. Let the 'torpid monk' vegetate like the creeping ivy, in his dank cell, but youth, ambitious and aspiring, must, like a good soldier, be always on the alert.

Is not the field, with lively culture green,
A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
Do not the skies with active ether clean,
And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
The foul November fogs, and slumb'rous mass,
With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?
Does not the mountain stream, as clear as glass,
Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
The same in all holds true, but CHIEF IN HUMAN RACE.

It was not by vile loitering in ease
That Greece obtain'd the brightest palm of art,
That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart.
In all supreme! complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart,
For sluggards brow the laurel never grows,
Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
But in loose joy their time to wear away;
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude Nature's state had been our state to day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
No arts had made us opulent or gay;
With brother brutes the human race had graz'd,
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honoured been, none prais'd.

Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
To thirst of glory and heroic deeds;
Sweet Maro's muse, sunk in inglorious rest
Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:

The wits of modern times had told their beads
And monkish legends been their only strains;
Our MILTON'S *Eden* had lain wrapt in weeds,
And SHAKSPEARE stroll'd and laugh'd with *Warwick swains*.

Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,
And perish'd all the sons of *ancient fame*;
Those STARY LIGHTS OF VIRTUE, that diffuse
Through the dark depth of time their VIVID FLAME,
Had all been lost with such as had no name.
Who then had scorn'd his ease for others good?
Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
Who in the public breach devoted stood,
And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

Another irrefragable reason for early exercise of the body, and habitual employment of the mind is the inevitable fate of Disgust and Disease, which pursues the wretched victims of Sloth and Lassitude. The poet THOMSON, who was himself sometimes a sufferer from the enervating effects of Indolence, has, in very noble and impassioned lines, contrasted the gloom of melancholy sickness with the *purple light* of the sane mind in the robust body.

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given?
Health is the *vital principle of bliss*,
And exercise of Health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
While he, whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
Has *light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day*.

Oh who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind:
The morning rises gay with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.

Lastly, let it be remembered that Indigence and Contempt are the usual companions of the slothful. The vivid apostrophe of SOLOMON to the sluggard is a tremendous warning to every dilatory loiterer. Thy poverty shall come, *as one that travaileth*, and thy Want *as an armed man*. If this be powerless to rouze from the stupor of laziness, from the apoplexy of the soul, the patient is in the last stage of morbid indolence; and can be summoned from the *deep sleep* into which he has fallen, neither by the drums of glory, nor the trumpets of Fame.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM PARIS TO AMSTERDAM, IN THE YEAR 1796.

[Continued.]

The convention, which is composed of members, all chosen by the people, act in the double capacity of the states general, or legislative council, and as delegates, specially empowered to frame a new system of government. When the latter business is completed, the form of government is to be submitted to the ratification of the citizens, and if approved by them, this heterogenous assembly is to be dissolved, and a legislature to be called, under the new constitution. Numerous as are, and always have been, their taxes, their national debt amounts to six hundred millions of florins, or fifty millions of pounds sterling. This debt creates a preliminary and mountainous difficulty in the formation of the new government; the different provinces being very unequally burthened, in this respect, *Groningen*, *Overyissel* and *Gelderland*, owing but little, while the maritime Provinces of Holland and Zealand are very deeply involved.

We passed from the Hague to *Leyden*, a distance of ten miles, by a pleasant canal, which presents, on both its sides, a great number of summer boxes and gardens. This is the third town in point of size in Holland. It has several very good streets, especially a spacious one that runs through it, extending from the Hague to the Utrecht Gate. About midway, stands the Stadthouse, which is a very large, and considering its age, a handsome building. The town is surrounded by broad ramparts, and concomitant wet ditches. Trees are planted on these ramparts, whence, in different directions, there arises to a foreigner, a charming view of canals and meadows. To the native, it must have too much of sameness; and I confess, that this sort of scenery begins to tire, from its monotony. We were told that there were some pictures of the Dutch school, that were worth viewing; but the arrangement of our time admitted only of our seeing the university, which consists of two brick buildings, mean, both in size and architecture. They contain lecture rooms and a library; the students and pupils, as well as the different professors, having their lodgings in different houses of the town. The wall of the mathematical school room, was crowded with models of redoubts and fortifications. The lecture room of the professors of anatomy, and of the materia medica, had a very numerous collection of skeletons, of all ages and sizes, both of the human kind, as well as of animals; and many anatomical preparations. You see also an excellent and critical preservation, the human fœtus, in every stage of its progress, from the impregnated germ, to the moment of parturition; with a variety of other similar *pleasant* objects, which enable the faculty to covert into a lucrative and *sapient* business, the most disagreeable, although perhaps the most necessary profession, established in all civilized countries.

The library is opened only once a week, and besides some black folios of civil law, the fathers, as they are called, and some huge biblical commentaries, has not much to exhibit. *Scaliger*, *Boerhaave*, and several other imposing names, were once professors here. This university is the most ancient of the five which are established in those provinces. It has always been the most celebrated; but like those of other countries, is now upon the wane. Had the season of the year been more favourable, I would not have omitted a walk through the Botanic Garden; the exotics of which, have been greatly multiplied, by the attention and assistance of the Dutch East India Company.

This town had very considerable manufactories of cloths and different stuffs; but since the invasion of it, by France, its war with England, the difficulties of a revolutionary state, and the discordant views of two violent parties, added to a total suspension of commerce, they are reduced, in common with others of the country, to a very narrow compass.

22nd. November, Again we had recourse to a Trechtschuyt, which landed us in the evening at *Haerlem*, a place celebrated in the revolutionary and military history of Holland, for having stood a siege of ten months, in 1673, against an army of Spanish veteran troops, headed by the Duke of Alva. The fortifications then, must have been very different from what they now appear, or the knowledge of military tactics much inferior to those of the present day; a single wall of brick, with a deep and broad fosse, filled with water, being the amount of its defensive works.

In the morning, we took a walk of a mile, to view the magnificent house of Mr. Hope, the great *European* banker, lately of Amsterdam, who, thinking England a safer place for property than his own disorganized country, has withdrawn, with his family, to London. It is situated near a wood, which, with that of the Prince of Orange, at the Hague, are, I believe, the only two in Holland. The front of this palace, is superior to any thing in this province. The noble suit of apartments, which include, a music room, saloon and a gallery, for pictures, may vie with any thing at Versailles. The superb finishing, throughout the whole, with its marble columns, pilasters and staircases, justify the expense of one million of florins, or ninety thousand pounds sterling, which this Chateau is said to have cost. The grounds are laid out in the English style of gardening, and there is a charming hermitage, as well as many marble statues, and other ornaments, to complete the beauties of this retirement. When viewed from the rear, there appears a defect, in its having but one wing. A most valuable collection of pictures, by the first artists, took their flight with the proprietor.

Hitherto no confiscations on the part of the Dutch government, have been decreed against their emigrants. Whether this arises from a dignified rectitude in the present existing powers, or is produced by the apprehension of the result of the present war, it may be difficult to ascertain. But let the motive be what it will, it certainly operates in preventing much individual mischief. From the proximity of this large town to the German Ocean, consequences of incalculable value would result from cutting a canal, which, in a north-westerly direction, of four miles only, would unite it with that sea. But the predominating influence of Amsterdam, has hitherto frustrated this wise and reasonable measure.

A very clear atmosphere enabled us to take a full view of the city, from the steeple of the great church, which stands in a large square, where the markets are held. This church is remarkable only for containing the noblest organ in Europe. Some of the pipes are of a prodigious size. It was Tuesday, and we had an opportunity of hearing its tones. The organist has a salary for playing every Tuesday and Friday, from twelve to one o'clock, for the gratification of all the inhabitants who think proper to attend. There were fifty or sixty burghers, and a few young women, who continued walking during the hour. The sounds had more of thunder than of sweetness. Some of the keys produced a wonderful imitation of the human voice. The pipes are silvered, and the top of the different cluster of pipes, surmounted with statues and other ornaments. This truly musical monument, including the superb marble columns that support it, is seventy feet high.

The manufactories here, were principally of thread and tapes. They also made some silk and velvet goods. But it was their bleacheries that furnished the most employment. The fine linens from Ireland, as well as cambric, from Flanders, were sent here, for the benefit of the waters of the Meer, the slimy qualities of which, were well adapted for whitening. They boast of their alderman Costar, who they say, was the inventor of printing, in 1440.—His first attempt was with wooden types: and they add, that John Faust was a servant of the ingenious Burgher, and while his pious master was at church, stole his imperfect materials, and at Mentz, claimed to himself the merit of the discovery. There is a range of houses, along a broad canal here, which may be called splendid; but no other instances of shew, or taste, appear in any thing. The households of the Dutch, are little isolated communities, in which solitude and sordidness are constant inmates.

The distance to Amsterdam, being only ten miles, and the road paved, we took carriage. The canal which lies along this road, had but a single angle in it, excepting that about midway. The land which lies between the lake of Haerlem and a branch of the Zuyderzee, is so narrow, that the

cannal cannot be carried through it, and here the passengers quit the boat, and walk through a small village, to enter another, where the canal again commences. This lake, or as the map makers call it, *Merd'Haerlem*, is a large collection of fresh water, about fourteen miles by eight or nine. It is seen, for the greatest part of the way, on the right, and on the left, what is called the Y river, but is in fact, only an arm of the sea. The lake is the highest water, and, at the place of union, or more properly, spot of separation, called the *half Wegen Sluice*, the dyke, or bank, is nearly fifty feet in thickness. This passage, well guarded, might be made an important defensive outwork to Amsterdam.

30th November. *Amsterdam*, according to a census lately taken, contains two hudred and nineteen thousand inhabitants, of which forty-four thousand are Jews. It is built in a crescent form, surrounded by a wall of earth and brick. That part of the ditch, which I saw, was deep and broad, and is continued round the ramparts, which are also strengthened, by bastions, at equal distances, on each of which, there is a windmill. It has also eight handsome gates, of free stone. The little river Amstel, runs through it, which supplies the different canals with water; but, in this respect, Rotterdam has greatly the advantage, because the canals of the latter, being fed by the Maase, can never want fresh water; but in summer, the defective stream of the Armstel, does not afford a sufficient circulation, and, of course, the canals become putrid, from stagnation. The streets, which have canals in them, are wide, and made pleasant, by the trees on the sides of the canals. The other streets are narrow, and, for Holland, dirty. They are kept always wet, in consequence of a small cask of water, with holes in it, which is placed in the front of every *sledge*, (for they have no carts or trucks) in order to keep the stones wet, that the loaded sledge may move easily over the pavement. This is intended to prevent great burthens being carried, which would injure the pavement, if not endanger the street; for the whole city stands on a foundation, which the cautious Hollander sometimes thinks is a little suspicious. Here are upwards of six hundred bridges, many of them of stone. Expensive as they must have been, from the population and trade, in peaceable and prosperous periods, they were indispensible. As they have little of the magnificent or ornamental to exhibit, you are always, (on inquring what is to be found worth seeing) directed to the stadthouse, as a wonderful work, that supports Atlas, with the world on his back. And when you arrive there, you are informed that this town edifice, is two hundred and eighty-two feet long, two hundred and thirty-two broad, and one hundred and sixteen high, and that it is erected on thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty-nine timber trees, drove into the marsh. Your attendant sells you a little pamphlet, which contains a particular description of the whole house. The different apartments, are mostly finished in marble. All the public rooms have paintings: one of a Dutch entertainment, by Vandyke, will imprison attention; and there is, over the door, in one room, a most admirable description of some children, so ingeniously painted, that within a few feet distance from them, you mistake them for figures in baso relievo. Within the walls, are different prisons. The judicial courts are all holden here. The burgo-masters have also their rooms. The public offices are also kept here; and the celebrated bank of Amsterdam, (the supposed riches of which, for so many years, afforded a fanciful feast to credulity) have their vaults. When the French army took posseson of the city, they made some discoveries, that led them to prefer a certain sum, in contribution, from all the provinces, to having recourse to these vaults. Nobody now thinks the bags there, are either so numerous, or so weighty, as Dutch craft, and a peculiar management of this singular institution, once duped Europe into a belief of.

They have a few hackney coaches, but more of a close kind of chairs, fixed on a sledge, to which a horse is tackled, who slowly drags the passenger along, while the driver walks by the side of the machine, holding the reins. Dutch phlegm alone, could have suggested so snail like a movement. Heaven pity the man of an irritable fibre, who stands in need of dispatch in any thing in this country.

In a town, wholly confined to traffic, a foreigner ought not to expect meeting many of those objects, which present themselves in the capitals of other countries. The mercantile traveller, will very naturally be led to the Exchange, and to the quays. The first, he will find a plain, convenient brick building, crowded into a narrow street, in the neighbourhood of the stadthouse; and if he has visited the port first, will be surprised at the vast number of merchants and traders, who fill the former. From the quays, he will see tiers of ships, with their topmasts down, now only exhibiting the melancholy evidence of what their commerce was! At present, foreigners alone are the navigators of what remains of it; and amongst them, our enterprising countrymen appear to have a full share.

The person who would contemplate man in his most humiliated state, should go to the spin house, wherein are confined seven hundred women and girls, and two hundred men and boys, who earn a wholesome, but coarse diet and covering, by spinning and weaving the roughest kind of wrapping. And if he would see human nature still more debased, let him go to the rasp house, and view half naked convicts chained to a block, filing logwood.

The two large synagogues of the German and Portuguese Jews, are worth visiting, if it is only to observe one, among the various absurd modes, mankind have hit upon, for worshiping the supreme Being. What must have been the state of society, when shouting and howling were acts of devotion, and men compelled to believe, that so the deity had ordered! Moses and Aaron might be very shrewd Hebrew politicians, but surely, very unfit legislators for a civilized people.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

When a person, for a splendid servitude, foregoes an humble independency, it may be called an advancement, if you please, but it appears to me, an advancement from the pit to the gallery.

—

A glass or two of wine extraordinary, only raises a valetudinarian to that warmth of social affection, which had naturally been his lot in a better state of health.

—

The worst inconvenience of a small fortune, is that it will not admit of inadvertency. Inadvertency, however, ought to be placed at the head of most mens' yearly accounts, and a sum as regularly allowed to it as any other article.

—

A proper assurance and competent fortune are essential to liberty.

—

Taste is pursued at less expense than fashion.

The excellent epigram of DRYDEN, upon MILTON, has been deservedly admired; it is not, perhaps, generally known, that he was indebted, both for the thought and sentiment, to a Latin epigram, on Garnier, the French tragic poet.

In Roberti Garnerii opuscula tragedica.

Tres tragicos habuisse vetus se Græcia jactat:
Unum pro tribus his Gallia nuper habet,
Æschylon antiqua qui majestate superbus,
Grande cothurnato carmen ab ore sonat.
Quem Sophocles sequitur perfectior arte priorem,
Nec minus antiquus, nec nimis ille novus.
Tertius, Euripides, Actæ, fama, theatri,
In cujus labris Attica sedet apis.
Ad nunc vincit eos, qui tres Garnerius unus
Ferna fere tragicis præmia digna tribus.

JOH. AURATUS.

—

SONNET

On leaving a mineral spring.

Ye scenes, long courted for salubrious powers,
Where nature with her shelter'd meads hath blent
The breezy upland, purpled o'er with flowers,
And latent stream with mineral dew besprent.
In future seasons, may your charms be lent,
While leisure leads along my roseate hours
Thro' the smooth vale, or up the steep ascent,
When spring looks gay, or autumn wildly lours;
For sweet, tho' swift, alas! the moments fled,
As near yon cot, I hymn'd my matin lay,
And hallow'd are the paths peace deigns to tread,
And dear is every vestige of the way.
And blest each scene which frames the mind to share,
" Divine oblivion of low thoughted care."

—

The " Pupil of Pleasure," a severe, but just illustration of the principles of Chesterfield, and of their fatal tendency on the happiness of the individual, as well as society, is penned with exquisite humour and pathos. The ingenious Hugh Kelly observed, that it was " a happy conception, and safe delivery." Not long after, appeared " Shenstone Green," written for the purpose of shewing the fallacy of the benevolent, but chimerical idea, which the amiable lord of the Leasowes had promulgated, of building a village, filling it with inhabitants, and settling them in such a way, as to be productive of felicity to themselves, and of advantage to the community to which they belonged. This fairy dream, this Utopian scheme, is, at once, most happily ridiculed and exposed, and the reader is equally delighted with the characters introduced, and instructed, by the knowledge of nature, which their developement displays.

After the lapse of several years, appeared Mr. Pratt's capital novel, " Family Secrets," in which pleasantry and pathos, humour and gravity, are alternately employed, to enforce some great and important truth, to paint virtue in her brightest attire, and to deter from vice, by the misery attendant on her footsteps. The character of *Partington*, and *John Fitzorton*, are not only excellent, but perfectly new to the public; and the traits of Caroline and Olivia, represent two women, which are models for the formation of the human mind and manners, that are almost contrasts to each other, yet equally delightful, and by no means out of the reach of imitation.

—

The spirits, when exhausted, have scarcely the force to be impatient; but they must be diligently watched, that they do not become pettish.

—

A recent traveller through the Netherlands, introduces the following anecdote.

I had endeavoured to fall into conversation with two of the passengers, who left the vessel; a youth and an elderly man, but the latter returned me a dry answer; and I am easily repulsed. There was something of contempt in his looks. I wondered what it meant, and I soon

discovered. I *took off* my spectacles, to read, and he exclaimed to the youth, with great self satisfaction, and glancing at me, *hab ich nicht ges art?* Did not I say so? The good soul, no douht, thought it contemptible foppery, and affectation, to wear spectacles. Is there a man, who does not, or cannot recollect, how angry he has often been, that he could not make all the world as wise as himself? There is blindness, that cannot read with spectacles; there is blindnes, that cannot read without spectacles; and there is blindness, that can neither read with nor without.

—

The Welsh poetical triads are a species of composition probably wholly unknown to most of our readers. The following, in the opinion of the translator, contains many valuable observations, expressed with singular brevity.

The three foundations of genius are the gift of God, human exertion, and the events of life.

The three first requisites of genius: an eye to see nature, a heart to feel it, and a resolution that dares follow it.

The three things indispensible to genius: understanding, meditation, and perseverance.

The three things that enoble genius: vigour, discretion, and knowledge.

The three tokens of genius: extraordinary understanding, extraordinary conduct, and extraordinary exertions.

The three things that improve genius: proper exertion, frequent exertion, and successful exertion.

The three things that support genius: prosperity, social acquaintance, and applause.

The three qualifications of poetry: endowment of genius, judgment from experience, and felicity of thought.

The three pillars of learning: seeing much, suffering much, and writing much.

—

The *Botany Bay Gazette*, of which some numbers have been received in England, contains the following very characteristic *bon mot*. An edition of Bailey's Dictionary being put up at auction, the vendue master observed that it was a *New Bailey*. I am glad of that, with all my heart, replied a bidder, for most of us have had enough of the *old one*.

—

The author of the following elegant levities was RICHARD LOVELACE, Esq.* one of the most gay, gallant and accomplished cavaliers in the court of Charles I. Mr. Headly, with equal taste and propriety, stiles him elegant, brave, and unfortunate, the pride of the softer sex and the envy of his own. The affecting particulars of his active life are preserved by Anthony Wood. Many of his verses were written, during confinement in the Gatehouse, Westminster, to which he was committed for carrying a petition from the county of Kent to the house of commons, for the *laudable* purpose of *restoring the king to his rights* and *settling* the *government*. His pieces, which are light and easy, had been models in their way, were their simplicity equal to their spirit. They were the offspring of gallantry and amusement, and, as such, are not to be reduced to the test of serious criticism.—Winstanley has compared him to Sir PHILIP SYDNEY.

SONG.

Why dost thou say I am forsworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be?
Lady, it is already *morn*
It was *last night* I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Yet have I lov'd thee well and long;
A tedious twelve hours' space!
I should all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Did I still doat upon that face.

SONG.

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Ah! braid no more that shining hair;
As my curious hand or eye
Hovering round thee let it fly.

Let it fly as unconfin'd
As its calm ravisher the wind;
Who hath left his darling east
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress, must be confest,
But neatly tangled at the best;
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled.

Do not then bind up that light
In ribbands, and o'ercloud in night,
But, like the sun in his early ray,
Shake your head and scatter day.

—

A London newspaper has the following marvelous paragraph.—"Friday morning last, a dog was seen running through the streets of Harrow, with three rats sticking to his throat, the dog, at the same time, howling in dreadful agony. A man instantly seized a gun, killed two of the rats, wounded a sheep, killed a bat, broke four windows, wounded a cow; and the dog escaped with the other rat.

—

A very thin audience once attending the tragedy of Richard III. the crook backed tyrant had not sufficient philosophy to endure this neglect of his powers; for, losing all patience in the tent scene, he exclaimed, with peculiar emphasis, "I'll forth and walk awhile, and very composedly went home to supper.

—

A very singular circumstance has lately excited the attention of the neighbourhood of Leeds, in England. A pregnant female, of the name of Applegarth, has actually made an affidavit, before the mayor of that town, at the instance of the parish officers, to the following effect: That she had been employed at St. Cloud, in France, in the palace of the First Consul, as an upper house maid, but was obliged to leave her situation in an early stage of pregnancy, on the breaking out of the war, and that *Buonaparte is the father of the child.*

—

SONNET.

'Twere well, methinks, in an indignant mood,
When the heart droops, unfriended, when mankind,
With their cold smiles, have dup'd thy honest mind,
On the sweet heath to stray, while dimly brood
The gather'd grey mists on the distant hill:
Drear should the prospect be, dreary and wide,
No second living one be there espied,
None, save thyself, then would thy soul be still,
Curbing its sorrows with a proud despair,
Then would'st thou tread thy path with firmer pace,
Nor let one scowl on thy resolved face,
Blab to the elements thy puny care
But, sooth'd to think that solitude can bless,
Muse on the world with LOFTY QUIETNESS.

* Agreeably to the testimony of the honest and indefatigable Anthony Wood, he was the son of Sir W. Lovelace of Woolwich, Kent, was admitted gentleman commoner of Gloucester Hall, *Oxon*, in 1634, and as a proof at once of his own early genius and scholarship, and his sovereign's partiality he was, after a residence of only *two* years at the University, created a master of arts, on the king's coming to Oxford. It is painful to add that, as it is pathetically expressed by Dr. Percy, the bishop of Dromore, "this elegant writer, after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity and want."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications for the Lounger have been received; some in the careless character of *Italian* penmanship, and others with a Roman and bolder feature. All these shall have a very candid consideration. No impatient author must be surprised or vexed, whenever insertion of his compositions is delayed; even if the postponement be long, for we have many departments to fill, and numerous communications to regard. The claims of various correspondents are often clashing, and it is delicate and difficult for the most impartial judge to adjust them at once with correctness and dispatch.

We very earnestly hope that the learned, witty, and entertaining author of "CLIMENOLE" will write in this paper, with habitual regularity. Both his principles and his style are perfectly to the taste of the editor, and we have the pleasure to add that the sarcastic and ingenious essays with the above title are very eagerly perused, by all, to whose praise an ambitious author would aspire.

During some weeks, in which the editor has been engaged in researches, respecting the text of SHAKSPEARE, he has had frequent occasion to acknowledge the kindness of many literary gentlemen, who have directed his attention to many books, auxiliary to his labours. But notwithstanding his own inquisitiveness and the aid of others, he still has not had the good fortune to find the following, for the whole or any one of which he will be particularly obliged.

Remarks on Shakspeare's Tempest; containing an investigation of Mr. Malone's attempt to ascertain the date of that play, and various notes and illustrations of abstruse readings and passages, by Charles Dirill, Esq. i. e. Richard Sill, 8vo. 1797.

An essay on the dramatic character of Sir John Falstaff, by Mr. Maurice Morgan, 8vo. 1777.

Remarks critical and illustrative on the text and notes of the last edition of Shakspeare, i. e. Mr. Stevens's edition in 1778, by Mr. Ritson, 8vo. 1783.

Remarks on some of the characters of Shakspeare, by the author of observations on modern gardening, Mr. Whateley, 8vo. 1785.

Macbeth reconsidered; an essay, intended as an answer to part of the remarks on some of the characters of Shakspeare, by J. P. Kemble, 8vo. 1786.

The beauties of Shakspeare, selected from his Works. To which are added the principal scenes in the same author, 12mo. 1784. *Printed for Kearsley.*

A fragment on Shakspeare, extracted from advice to a young Poet, by the Rev. Martin Sherlock, translated from the French, 8vo. 1786.

A concordance to Shakspeare; suited to all the editions, in which the distinguished and parrallel passages in the plays of that justly admired Writer are methodically arranged. To which are added three hundred notes and illustrations entirely new.

"Lines to Spring," have often appeared in the papers.

'Nauticus' does not understand a *rope in the ship.*

"Plain Truth," is downright dunstable.

"Sylvia," has not the sprightliness of her namesake, in Farquahar's Recruiting Officer. This young lady would be much more usefully employed in mending her stockings, than in making verses.

"A *Phantom* is rightly named: and, on this occasion, we cannot, like Hamlet, "take *the Ghost's* word for a thousand pounds."

The letter box of the Port Folio is often supplied with the fairest oblations of genius, but we are sorry to add, that it is often crowded with a vile mass of tuneless rhymes, and juvenile trash.

"Some strain, in rhyme, the muses on their racks,
Scream, like the winding of ten thousand jacks."

SELECTED POETRY.

[In the creed of ancient superstition, Robin Goodfellow was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and achievements are recorded in this ballad, and in those well known lines of Milton's L'Allegro.

Tells how the drudging goblin swet
To earn his dream bowl duly set;
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop full out of door he flings
Ere the first cock his matin sings.

The reader will observe, that our simple ancestors had reduced all these whimsies to a kind of system, as regular, and perhaps more consistent, than many parts of classic mythology; a proof of the extensive influence, and vast antiquity of these superstitions. Mankind, and especially the common people, could not every where have been so unanimously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions, if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. The existence of fairies and goblins is alluded to by the most ancient British bards, who mention them under various names, one of the most common of which signifies 'the spirits of the mountains.'

This Song, attributed to Ben Jonson, though not found among his works, is given from an ancient black letter copy in the British Museum. It seems to have been originally intended for some masque.]

From Oberon in fairy land
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night sports here,
What revel rout
Is kept about
In every corner, where I go
I will o'ersee
And merry be,
And make good sport with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin soon
And, in a minute's space descry
Each thing that's done below the moon,
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, ware Goblins, where I go,
But Robin I
Their feats will spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And call them on with me to roam
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes;
Or else, unseen, with them I go,
All in the nick
To play some trick,
And frolic it with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man;
Sometimes an ox, sometimes an hound;
And to a horse I turn me can;
To trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride,
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I whirry laughing ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine;
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes, and drink their wine;
And, to make sport,
I grunt and snort,
And out the candles I do blow;
The maids I kiss,
They shriek—who's this?
I answer nought but ho, ho, ho!

Yet, now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool;
And, while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull,
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow,
If any wake, and would me take,
I wend me laughing ho, ho, ho!

When house or hearth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed clothes from the bed pull I,
And lay them naked all to view.
Twixt sleep and wake
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw;
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh with ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow aught,
We lend them what they do require,
And for the use demand we nought;
Our own is all we do desire.
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad among them then I go,
And night by night
I them affright,
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazy queans have nought to do
But study how to cog and lie;
To make debate and mischief too
'Twixt one another secretly;
I mark their gloze,
And it disclose
To them, whom they have wronged so,
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loop holes, where the vermin creep,
Who, from their folds and houses get
Their ducks and geese and lambs asleep:
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so.
But when they there,
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills in meadows green,
We nightly dance our hey day guise,
And to our fairy king and queen
We chant our moonlight harmonies,
When Larks 'gin sing
Away we fling,
And babes new born steal as we go,
An elf in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro;
And, for my pranks, men call me by
The name of Robin Goodfellow.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nights,
The hags, once goblins, do me know;
And beldames old
My feats have told,
So vale, vale, ho, ho, ho!

—

[All the learned, says the translator, have vied with each other in celebrating this ode. It is one of the two, to which Scaliger gave what he deemed the highest praise, namely, 'that he would rather be author of them, than king of Arragon.' The spirit of its turns, the elegance of its language, and the harmony of its numbers, have, perhaps, never been excelled by Horace himself.

The translation of this ode, by Atterbury, is well known, and has been highly applauded. It is inserted in Duncombe's and in Francis's Horace, and is also to be found in the collection of poems, published by Nichols, at the beginning of the fifth volume.]

The man, whom from his natal day,
*Thy smiles, celestial Muse, inspir'd,
Shall ne'er a champion's fame display
For glorious Isthmian toils admir'd.

Shall ne'er the Grecian chariot guide,
Which swift victorious coursers bear,
Nor quell the threatning tyrant's pride,
Bright triumphs lead, and laurels wear.

But the soft-flowing limpid stream,
That winds o'er Tibur's fertile plains,
The clustering grove shall grace his theme,
And wake his fam'd Eolian strains.

Rome, mighty Rome, enrols my name
In her lov'd poets' gentle choir;
And envy now assails my fame
With weaker fangs, with powerless ire.

Oh, blest pierian maid, whose hand
The golden lyre's soft note obeys,
Even the mute fish, at thy command,
Would match the †cygnets dying lays.

'Tis thine that, by the passing throng,
As Rome's first lyric bard I'm shewn;
And that I breathe, and please by song,
If yet I please, is thine alone.

—

A MAN OF PUNCTUALITY.

Hal sent me word he'd dine with me,
Precisely at the hour of three;
But, meeting with some tavern goer,
Agreed to join his mess at four.
With which d'ye think he kept his word?
'Perhaps with both,' no, friend, a *third*
Happen'd to cross him on his way,
And Hal with *him* has past the day.

---

*This pleasing image of the Muse, smiling on the birth of a poet, well expresses the sentiment, that a happy genius is necessary to form that character. [Note, by the translator.

† The notion of swans singing, as they feel the approach of death, is universally allowed to be a fable. But fables are sufficient authority for a poet. [Ibid.

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